

REPT.
REPT. NEW YORK
AUGUST 14, 1898.
The Post Office in New York is
second-class matter.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
AILY AND SUNDAY, Per Month..... 40
AILY AND SUNDAY, Per Year..... \$4.00
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Times the above rates in all foreign coun-
tries, Mexico and Canada.
New subscribers, who wish
their names changed must give their old
names.
of organizing clubs
for the New York
to give full information
of rates, etc., by ad-
dress to the Department, the
Journal, New York.

THE WEATHER.
A fair, slightly warmer, with south-
winds.
As Mrs. he thinks of it the more
a Dana will wonder why he printed
in Waterston's remarks on "frauds
and tools."

And now we will be hearing from
those persons and papers that were
prepared to be displeased with the
Queen's speech.

If decapitation is really awaiting Li
Hung Chang at the end of his present
trip, he will doubtless feel disposed to
join the bolters.

Hon. Warner Miller can now pro-
ceed against the Herkimer County Re-
publicans for obtaining his affections
under false pretences.

Mr. Comptroller Eckels has reeled up
his fishing lines, wound up his voice
and started East. The Comptroller is
bound to be as interesting as ever.

Tennessee is another State where the
Republicans and Populists are arrang-
ing for fusion. Of course, the Tennes-
see Populists are not "Anarchists."

The interests of Americans in Cuba
are being neglected in order that all
time and attention may be devoted to
the Administration's interests in poli-
tics.

Mr. Bryan's speech has pronounced
Mr. Bryan's speech a very weak affair.
It was all along feared that it would
not give entire satisfaction to the Car-
lisle family.

Hon. Bourke Cockran's Congressional
Record shows that he does not always
vote as he talks. Perhaps Mr. Cockran
will change his present mind before
the close of the campaign.

Mr. Platt's recent allusion to "the
mortgaged States" and the Trib-
une's denunciation of Mr. Platt and
answers will, later in the cam-
paign, meet and try and effect some
sort of compromise.

It has been disclosed that forgery
is resorted to in an effort to cause
united labor to discontinue its fight
on H. C. Payne, Mark Hanna's
agent on the Republican Campaign
mittee. However, it is necessary
to resort to extreme measures to sup-
press "Anarchy."

It is said that Mr. Quay is to have
charge of the Republican campaign in
the Southern States. As Mr. Hanna
has practically decided that he will
waste none of his money in the South
it will be seen that the Pennsylvania
Senator has a long fishing season
ahead.

THE QUESTION OF MONEY.
Since the beginning of the present
Presidential campaign the Journal has
opened its columns to a discussion of
the question of gold monometallism
against bimetalism. In the interests
of the education of the people upon this
crucial subject, 76 innumerable
fairness, articles were secured from the
most eminent experts on each side of
the controversy, among them Messrs.
Everett P. Wheeler, John De Witt War-
ner, Edward Atkinson, Lyman J. Gage
and Professors William G. Sumner and
J. Laurence Laughlin, on the side of
gold monometallism, and Senators J.
T. Morgan, J. W. Daniel, William M.
Stewart and George G. Vest and ex-
Congressman R. P. Bland and W. H.
Harvey, of "Coin's Financial School,"
on the interests of bimetalism.

This "Battle of the Standards" has
n the people of the United States
opportunity such as has never been
before to obtain views of the men who represent
Intellectual and the material side
of argument in each direction.

A Journal has, however, received
valuable letters from citizens di-
recting for information on concrete divi-
sions of the great subject of finance—
farmers, savings bank depositors,
wage-earners and others, who have a
personal interest in the result of the
present campaign, as to how the elec-
tion of Bryan or McKinley will affect
them.

In order that these correspondents
may have the benefit of the best
thoughts of the advocates of both gold
monometallism and bimetalism, the
Journal has made arrangements to
have such of these questions as pos-
sess vital interest or are of general
importance answered in its columns
by the men who are acknowledged to
represent each side of the question.

Beginning next Tuesday these ques-
tions will be answered pro and con in
the Journal, within reasonable limits
by representatives of the
an Di-Metallite Union, the oldest
of bimetallic organizations in

the on. and of the New York
Reform Club, which stands for gold
monometallism, on the other.
As has been the practice in "The
Battle of the Standards," the argu-
ments of neither side will be tampered
with. The people will be able to ob-
tain, through the columns of the Jour-
nal, the best thoughts of the ablest ex-
ponents on both sides of the great
question now before them.

MR. DANA AS AN ANARCHIST.
A little book published a day or two
ago, a copy of which has found its way
into the office of the Journal, has a
curious present-day interest, though
it is made up of matter, excellent in lit-
erary quality but doubtful in its politi-
cal merit, printed first in 1849. The
title page of the reprint gives indica-
tion of its interest to-day, and may be
reproduced thus, with some abbrevia-
tion, now:

FROUDHON
AND HIS
"Bank of the People."

BEING
A DEFENCE OF THE GREAT FRENCH AN-
ARCHIST, BY
CHARLES A. DANA,
Editor of the N. Y. Sun.

Mr. Dana, it seems, has long kept a
sharp lookout for Anarchists, and
when he finds a real one, like Froud-
hon, defends him. Sometimes in the
exercise of that saturnine humor for
which he is so widely and justly
famed he picks out a man upon whom
there rests no taint of Anarchism and
denounces him with grim ferocity as
an Anarchist. His putative Anar-
chists whom he attacks number among
them President Cleveland, Mr. Bryan,
Henry George, W. D. Howells, Gov-
ernor Altgeld, Rev. Lyman Abbott and
a score of others equally diverse in their
personal beliefs and equally far re-
moved from the anarchistic propa-
ganda. The only real Anarchist of
whom Mr. Dana has written, Froud-
hon, he warmly applauded.

The tone of these articles, which
were printed first in the New York
Tribune, of which Mr. Dana was then
managing editor, indicates the com-
plete sympathy of their author with
the social beliefs of Froudhon. In 1849
there was no more outspoken prophet
of the people's triumph, through armed
revolution if necessary, than he. How
curiously, in face of the Sun's present
trepidation lest Bryan's election por-
tends a revolution, seems such a para-
graph as this from the pen of its
aged, if not venerable, editor:

Would to God that this hot and bloody
struggle were over, and that Peace might
come at last to the world! And yet I in-
volve no seeming peace that the weaker
may ever now be plundered, but a peace
with Liberty, Equality, and honest man's
and not robber's Order for its condition.
What is the way to such a peace? Through
war and destruction, through such as
that at Rome; and that in Hungary—per-
haps, too, through such as that of June,
1848, in Paris. The history of the past and
the examples of the present instruct us
that the privileged and powerful, by what-
ever name they are called, do not yield
their privileges except as they are com-
pelled. When will Russia lay aside the
pretension to dictate darkness and despotism
to Europe? When she is compelled.
When will the bourgeoisie consent to live
by their own labor and not by the labor
of others? When they are compelled.
How can that compulsion be exercised?
In a free State through the ballot and the
independent action of the people under the
lance of ideas. How shall States be
made free so that ideas and the people
may act? Hitherto Providence has freed
them by revolution, nor is it apparent
that other means are now to be employed.
It may be that day of revolutions is
past, but if so why are they there in such
abundance? * * * Let others give aid and
comfort to despots. Be it ours to stand
for liberty and justice, nor fear to lock
with those who are called theodolites
and demagogues when the good cause re-
quires.

When this paragraph was written
Mr. Dana was in the prime of his in-
tellectual life. His years were suffi-
cient to have given him education and
discretion, and still few enough to
leave him unspooled by the sordid as-
sociations of long business life. In
these later years the brilliant writer,
who, with the versatility of genius,
employs his pen with equal facility in
support of Ben Butler and greenbacks
and J. Pierpont Morgan and gold
bonds, may pretend to look back with
sorrow on these early essays of his an-
archism; yet those who know him best,
those who can recall the cheerful and
satisfied air which he put on, together
with a white apron, when serving his
communist brethren at Brook Farm,
will have little doubt in their hearts
that he has still a lingering love for his
old creed, drawn from Proudhon,
Fourier and Karl Marx.

Age, they say, brings discretion.
Sometimes, too, it brings cowardice.
The man is not so likely to abandon
the convictions of his youth as he is to
refrain, through motives of prudence,
from expressing them. Mr. Dana, be-
ing a man of much worldly wisdom,
probably would not say to-day, as he
did in '49, that Proudhon, the father
of French anarchism, "never wavered
from the side of the people," and that
"no man has more at heart the eleva-
tion of the working classes to that po-
sition of dignity and honor which be-
longs to their office in the social mech-
anism." Nor does he nowadays, since
he enlisted in defence of capital and
of capitalists, lay stress upon his ax-
iom of '49—"Labor is productive; cap-
ital is not."

In these later days of Mr. Dana's
intellectual activities he has abandoned

and lost the candor of his youth. He
who joined in the first communist
colony the United States ever gave now
uses "communism" as a synonyme
for criminal. Perhaps never was pre-
sented so curious an instance of men-
tal evolution. If he, like Browning's
"Bishop Blougen," would roll us out
his mind, how edifying a study of a
lifetime's struggle between belief and
expediency would be then presented.

INSURANCE AND SILVER.
In the minds of some of our gold
standard contemporaries the failure of
the United Life Association has ranked
with the hot wave as one of the most
melancholy results of the free silver
agitation. This company is one of the
sort to which any kind of agitation
that could afford it an excuse for aban-
doning the struggle for existence ought
to be welcome. It is pledged to pay its
policy holders \$11,221,000 on the ma-
turity of their policies. To meet these
claims it has \$178.67 in cash, \$1,373.82
in bonds, and other assets bringing up
its total resources to \$2,552.48. Its
assets amount to one dollar in every
\$4,400 of insurance in force.

This company has been doing busi-
ness under false pretences for years.
It has been systematically engaged in
a heartless swindle on the poor and
helpless. To dignify its rascalities by
ascribing their well-deserved retribu-
tion to the effects of an impending
change in the national financial policy
is as silly and harmful as to sympa-
thize with a dispersed gang of con-
fidence men on the ground that silver
agitation has disturbed the market for
green goods.

But this affair suggests some reflec-
tions on the business of the insurance
companies of a more reputable class,
and its relations to the currency ques-
tion. Some of these corporations have
recently been urging the country to
save them from the necessity of pay-
ing their policy holders in depreciated
silver. They have said that much as
they might long to pay their obliga-
tions in good money, they could not do
it under free coinage, because their
assets would immediately shrink to
the measure of fifty-three cent dollars.

The assets of insurance companies
are invested in real estate, in securi-
ties specifying payment in gold, and in
securities payable in lawful money.
Only the last class of investments
would be injuriously affected by free
coinage, even on the theory that free
coinage involved depreciation. But it
happens that prosperous insurance
companies do not pay their losses out
of their accumulated assets. They
make the year's premiums cover the
year's payments, and have a handsome
surplus left. In all countries and at
all times the aggregate insurance
losses are met by the current receipts.
The Equitable last year carried \$913-
556,733 of insurance on \$193,138,559 of
assets. The Metropolitan had only \$22-
336,622 of assets for \$441,375,987 in-
surance. The insurance companies doing
business in the State of New York have
collected premiums since their organi-
zation amounting to \$1,593,153,152, and
have paid to their policy holders for all
purposes \$986,693,970. This includes
losses, endowments, annuities, pay-
ments for lapses, surrendered and pur-
chased policies, and dividends. It
leaves over \$600,000,000 collected by the
companies and not returned to the
policy holders.

Now, since all losses are paid out of
current premiums, the effect of a de-
preciation of the currency would mere-
ly be to reduce the actual amount of
insurance paid for and receivable
without affecting the relation between
premiums and policies. In other words,
if we had the threatened "fifty-cent
dollar," a man who had been buying
\$3,000 of insurance for \$100 a year would
buy \$1,500 insurance for \$50 a year. If
he wanted to keep up his policy at the
old rate, all he would have to do would
be to continue his former payments at
their actual value.

The only sufferers in such a case
would be the people who had paid pre-
miums for a long time on the gold
standard, and who were too old to take
out additional insurance at economical
rates. But if the companies are really
as solicitous for the welfare of these
patrons as they profess to be, they
can easily protect them from loss by
offering them the privilege of paying
their premiums in gold and having
their policies made payable in the same
metal.

One of our Hanna contemporaries
has chided Mr. Bryan for "ignorance"
because he spoke of the interests of
insurance companies as distinct from
those of their policy holders. Most of
the great companies, it observes, are
organized on a mutual basis, and hence
their policy holders get everything they
earn. If that were true it would not
seem to make much difference to the
policy holders whether the receipts and
expenditures of the companies were
counted in fifty-cent, one-hundred-
cent or two-hundred-cent dollars. They
would merely be putting their money
from one pocket into another in any
case. Aside from the comparative
trifle of interest on lawful money in-
vestments, the only income of the com-
panies that would be affected by a de-
preciation of the currency is that which
is paid by the policy holders them-
selves.

LITTLE
Submitted by
Our Young Contributor,
pounds the Cause
of the Day.
Baptism, some
Toll-free, for Pa-
per, to be Born.
Dream of Democrat
one flaming and the
Came—Why the Talk
Diligent Glibet as a
Critic, Magazines—A
Sarcasm—On Sister—
Day After to-morrow
The Great Tiger
Thinking Broad, Mark's Natural Food.
The Identity of the King of Beasts Re-
vealed at Last, Etc.

Uncle Ned, he said, Johnny, Uncle Ned
did, and then I spoke rite up and sed
wed not take. Then he knocked the fur out
of his pipe an put it in his pocket, an
told me his spectacles of an whipped them
with his handkerchief, an puttem on agin,
an looked over the top of the spectacles,
real wise, an him by he sed another time,
"Johnny, you make my third eye, cant
you see to the conception of a man which
can speak without he wants something? I
spose you take such a iv view cos your
father, he is a Republican, an wen a Repu-
blican makes a speech it is cos he wants a
ulcer, an that's why he speaks."

Wen Bilhad, that's the new dog, sets up
on the end of his back an speaks, he
wants a basket, but Mose, which is the
cat, he is a Maltese, an that's why I say
the cranky old is the king of beasts.
Bime by Uncle Ned, he sed, "Johnny, did
your father go to hear Mister Brine make
that big speech at Madison Square? I did
not see him there."

Just then my father, he come in, which
is a Republican, an he herd wot Uncle Ned
sed. So my father was real mad, an he
kicked Mose, which is the cat, cruel in the
stomach of his belly, and Bilhad, that's the
new dog, he snook under the sofa. Then
father, he sed, "Bilhad, if you want to be
a gory anarchist, an go in for the strack-
tion of property an lifes, an for free sil-
ver, an long as you dont count an overt
act, but let me tel you that the sole of
that insect child sent the place for you
to install yure venom into. You know
nitty well I wont get to hear that dog
dashed waste make speeches agin our
country an our religion, an gold, an all
which a honest man holes sacred. You kno,
too, that you wudent ben there your own
self—not by ten miles—if yure therst for
a post office badent made you blind to the
value of reason."

Then Uncle Ned, which was fewlous mad,
like he was cuth, he jest set still an
sed, "Robert," cos that is my father's
name, "if it wudent for the fact that we
are offsprings of the same ancestor, an
speak the same language, the you speak
it with too much freedom, I should reply to
them remarks with the silence which they
deserv. An if I wudent a livin under
yure roof, which leaks, I wude anyway, but
the claims of hospitality are sacred, an I
will ignore the insult with a speech on the
financial situation. In the early days of
history we see—but wen Uncle Ned had
got that fur my father, he sed: "Excuse
me, I got to catch the express for Madis-
on Square for to meet the Marty of Moosh."
Wen he had gone Uncle Ned, he jest how-
ed an sed: "Wot a disappointment, if he
had stude jest one hour I'd a shode
him wot a fitting calculator I am at re-
specter."

I nat Mister Joonice, which has got the
wuden leg, wot was repertee, an he said,
Mister Joonice did, "Repertee is the art
of insult in a feller in such a way as to
be safe."
But it says in the Bible that insulters
shall be plunged in to everlasting fire, an
that's why I say it is better to be born
lucky than rich.
An now I'll tel you a little story about
my father, which is a Republican, jest
the same as he. One time he sed a redin
newspaper an he fel asleep an snored
like disant thunder, which is the same
way as a bigger roars when it comes in the
jingle. Bime by he dreamed, my father
did, that he was a beln kid, and he hol-
ered out in his sleep: "Murder! Murder!"
You never seen such a fuss! The family
run in the room, scared off, an mother
she shuk him til he was awake. Then
Uncle Ned he wank his ey an sed: "Were
is dis snorer?"
Wen my father he seen how things was
he loked real foolish and didnt anser for
a long time, but bime by he loked at the
newspaper an sed: "Wy, here it is! In the
paper, of course. Were did you spoke I
learned about it?"
Then he pretended for to read as follows:
"Gastly Murder in Kaimakee! Five Hun-
dred Yuman Belugs Lunched Into Eternity.
The Hole City Burnt Up for to Consoel
the Carline. Supposed to Be the Work of
a Democrat."

But if I was a Democrat I rather be a
sorcus p'former, cos murder is bizny, but
the epulant is the most ligantile beast wick
rocks the plain.
One time there was a sercus come to
our town, and the epulant he was giv
water out of a trof, which was near to a
new house, and a painter was a paintin
the new house. The painter he stoped
work and come down and sed to the sho-
man, the painter did: "Mister, it wud
pay you in the long run for to so, tall
that his hunch is covered with eternal red."
The sho man he got a wile an then he
sed: "Wel, he is gettin a bit wether
wore, that's a rack, but the trouble is he
wont be painted any way but red, an
that makes the flamingo so gum dasted fel-
lus that he wont lay eggs that is fit to eat."

Then the painter he sed meebly the sho-
man would let him paint the cammels
hunch, but the sho man he only jest
mounful an shuke his hed and sed: "That
cant be did, cos our cammel is so, tall
that his hunch is covered with eternal red."
The stuck upest thing in the world is
the giraffe hed, but Ole Gaffer Peterses hed
is held, like apples, an Missis Dopy has
got red hair on hern.

The turtle he lays eggs cos he is viviparous,
but a hens egg jest warm out of the
nest, for to such, is the noblest work of
God!

I nat my father wot Mister Brine was let
live for to thro burn an hos houses after
an' every body who has got money. My
father he did, cos our cammel is so, tall
that his hunch is covered with eternal red.
The truth is, Johnny, we cant help our
selves, if we was to hang him then Popo-
rats wud turn in an eckle the gallus wick
we hung him on, an I ges it wud be about
the blizest President wick we have ever
had."

Then I sed: "Industry is the founda-
shon of beln welthy," and my father he
sed: "Yes, that's wot yure copy book
lited at."

That's
like up
gallus
lited at
he stude
like they
in their
he sed:
per-ot yure
I copy my
an, all ways
once, if its only a
religous man, and
sed, an I have
but I jest be-
sista Satan if you aint the main-
gittile-monky wick has ever chattered
in the Gospel trof!"

But Mister Gipple he only sed, "For wick
blessing may the Lord make us truly
thankful."
The monky lited a animal, an it lited a
fish, an it lited a bird, an it lited yu-
man, an it lited a boy, but its one of
the 7 wonders of the world of right
enough, an wen you poke it with a
stick it spouts off an scears yure sister.
Monky is of two kinds, the he one an the
she one, an the little baby monky is called
a bivalve.

After Mister Gipple had went away I
sed to my father: "Wen Mister Mainly
is President I spose he will draw his big
sawd an cut Mister Brine's hed off, an
say, 'That will teach you for to be a an-
erist, you notty fellow!'"

My father he spoke up an sed: "No,
indeed, that wudent do no good, cos the
gun dasted piers had mite be cut of a
thousand times an be never wude miss
it!"

Then my father he shot a long wile, an
bime by he loked me in to my 2 eyes, nitty
sober, an sed, my father did, "Johnny,
yure the child of my bosom, an my hope,
an pride, an if you wont never give it
away I'll tel you something in good faith,
ded square."

I sed I wudent never tel, and he sed,
"Wel, my son, it is a wack, I'll trust
you."

Then he slaked his role down real to, an
sed, "The fact is, Johnny, Mister Mainly
wont be President til the day after to-
morrow."

I sed that wasn't only a little
wile to wait, but my father he shuke his
hed an sed, "Meebly so, Johnny; meebly
so. But there'll be a good munny days
after to-morrow, an I cant seem to figger
out jest wick one it will be."

An now I'll tel you a story a bout a
show, which my sisters yung man tole me.
One time he had a friend which was a sho-
man, an the sho man he sent my sisters
yung man a ticket for to see his great
eleckshon of wild animals. My sisters
yung man wasent very fond of wild an-
imals, but he liked the big sabge Bengall
tagger lots, an he past nearly the hole
afternoon by the cage, a shudderin for to
see its big teeth an hear it rore like its hart
was broke! After the sho had shut up he
went to see the sho man, an the sho man
he was a yurin off his lited men, cos it
was Saturday, Bime by a feller come up for
to get his pay, but the sho man didnt do
nothing but only jest look at him, but
after a wile he sed, the sho man did, "Wot
name?"

The feller he smiled an sed, "You dont
recknize me cos I have shafed off my
wiskers. Ime Mister Gipple."

The sho man he opened his 2 eyes wide an
sed, "Wot? Not Ben?"

Then the feller he sed, "Yessir, Ime the
tagger."
My sisters yung man has got nice big
bux, but hern are brown, an Franky, that's
the baby, shus his thubn an "owls like he
was Injuns. An that's why I say bred in
the skin of life, but a ples troiter, nice
plekled, is the king of bees."

A Sylvan Bohemia.

The most interesting manifestation in art
at present is at the art village, Shime-
cock. The propagation of knowledge during
the dog days indicates a wholly modern
thirst. All sorts of schools have responded,
but nothing like this.

A dozen little gray cottages set down
with simplicity on the Shimecock downs,
about a large, commodious house. Except
for a picturesqueness plainly intended in
attic windows and thatched windmill, it
might be a peasant village.

In the twilight, indeed, it has the air of
a hamlet such as Cashan places, with couples
of shirt-waisted girls strolling in the tiny
streets for peasantries, and the accents of
the West and South breaking the stillness.

It is a village of women, diversified by
pet dogs and cats. Some of these have at-
tained the fame for which their mistresses
now strive. The chatahine's cat, Schere-
zadeh, has twice won blue ribbons; Charles
Algernon, otherwise Jounnie, with the
gravity of a Maltese philosopher; Sappho,
Italian grayhound, a piece of live Dresden
china; Bruce, shaking his great sides in
doses, and Bimbo, bull terrier pup, patrol-
ling the village.

There are occasional knickerbockers for
the hefty studio work, and vagrant bicycle
and golf sticksters dawdling occasionally
about the vine-hung porches, but on the
whole a munnery is not more feminine.

The air of decorousness which trails over
everything is the American touch to what
might be considered a Bohemian enter-
prise. The picture breaks for dinner and
sing hymns to the studio piano Sunday
evenings. The home-bred girl from the re-
mote part of the country can safely trust
herself among these influences. The girl
of what nationality can find elsewhere this
delicate balance between freedom and
restraint?

The conspicuous fact is that this regard
for decorous living is not incompatible
with hard work. Professional models are
brought from town. Enslaved gather around
a fair girl, posed under a sunlit tree, like
fishes around a hotly pot; white umbrellas
dot the downs like mushrooms.

Monday morning is a formal occasion.
A procession of bicycles comes over the
hills; smart traps and liverly stand outside
the studio door, for Southampton and Shu-
mecock Hills find entertainment here. On
the rows of camp stools there are not only
smoked smocks and farmers' hats, but the
attractive contumel of the American girl.
The dogs and cats are here on their best
behavior. It is criticism morning.

The arrival of Mr. Chase sets hearts pal-
pitating. The work of the week is arranged
on a movable frame. Without ceremony
he begins: "Whose work is this?" a faithful
pointer in his hand. A still, small voice
says: "Mine, Mr. Chase." There is a stir
at the unhappily creature facing her
own misdeeds.

Mr. Chase never appears more happily
than in the straightforward simplicity of
his criticism, the brief, illuminating
words, the frank appreciation, and in the
illimitable patience with which he goes
through these timid, struggling, blundering,
honest, hopeful and hopeless essays in art.
M. G. H.

Consuelo's Birthday at Stately Blenheim.

London, Aug. 8.—Strolling along a London
railway platform, trying to look as if I had
just completed a tour of the world, my gaze
fell upon a large time table, and two words
stared me in the face—"Blenheim" and
"Woodstock." The very thing, for I knew
that on certain days the grounds and palace
residence of the Duke and Duchess of
Marlborough, are open to visitors, one of
whom I proposed to be, and that without
delay. The journey is a short one, but I
found the first half of it a bit trying. Not
that anybody grabbed me by the hair and
asked me conundrums about my money or
my life, or any of those pleasant, beguiling
little games for which the English railway
system of locked cages is so admirably ar-
ranged, but a large and prosperous family
made up of sons and daughters and dogs
and bicycles and bags. All save a baby—
which a merciful and wise fate had over-
looked and left behind—came tumbling and
overflowing into the compartment I had
chosen with an eye to quiet and reflection,
and to put it mildly, they got on my nerves
with both feet, where they remained till I
discovered that I had to change cars some-
where, and I fortunately made my escape
and completed my journey in the more
soothing society of a sleek and sleepy par-
son.

On arriving at my destination, Wood-
stock, a quaint, little, old historic town
that lies at the gates of Blenheim, I found
the principal street crowded with vehicles
of every description, from which the horses
had been removed. On inquiry I ascer-
tained that they had brought a large num-
ber of guests to the palace, where, in cele-
bration of her twentieth birthday, the
young Duchess had chosen the charming
and unique idea of giving a fete and gar-
den party which was to last three days.
On this, the first day, were invited the
neighbors all country from all the country.
The second day was to be devoted to the
school children and the third day to the
tenants and laborers.

Having secured a room at the inn re-
siding in the name of "The Bear" and run
by a man called Ball, the combination pro-
ducing a Stock Exchange effect which sent
my thoughts for a moment to far away
Wall Street, I asked if I could get a trap
of some sort to take me through the
grounds, and after a short drive through
the brilliant sunshine of an August after-
noon I found myself before one of, if not
the most magnificent castles in England.
When and why it was built and all the
rest of its early history you know (or ought
to), so I shall speak only of what I saw and
of its present occupants.

Having been permitted by the porter (re-
sident in the well-known livery of dark
brown with facings of scarlet and silver) to
pass the great gates of the principal en-
trance, I found myself at the steps of the
north front of the palace, and, passing
through the lofty portico, entered the great
hall which leads to the saloon. After feasting
my eyes on the huge medieval treasures
of art, fine antique and modern statues,
pictures by Rubens, Van Dyck, Reynolds,
Kneller and, running down to our time,
the superb portrait of the present Duchess, by
Carroll Duran; the magnificent tapestry
that lines the walls, representing various
military achievements of the great Duke,
including the famous Malplaquet; the oval
ceiling of the grand saloon painted by La
Guerre and the exquisite alto-reliefs over
the chimney-piece, a copy from an an-
tique of the marriage of Cupid and Psyche,
I passed through the library (originally in-
tended for the picture gallery), with its
polished floor, on which gleamed ivory bear
skins, where through a vista of magnificent
palms I had a glimpse of the great organ
placed there by Lillian, former Duchess of
Marlborough, to whom and to many other
difficult and improvements, and listened as
there pealed forth the mighty strains of
the masters' music and as the last echoes
of the Pilgrims' chorus from "Tannhauser"
died away I wandered out into the grounds
and my thoughts strayed back to the days
of long ago, when fair Rosamund lived and
loved, and waited in her bower for the
coming of the King, while unhappy Eleon-
ora, torn with jealousy, mad with love and
hate, sought and one day found the alken
cleft in whose meshes three lives were to be
entangled. To-day there is no trace of that
far away tragedy save only fair Rosamund's
Well, which occupies the site of her
bower, and standing on the exquisitely
kept lawn, with its smooth walks and bril-
liant gardens, the splash of its crystal
fountains, the murmure of the gently gliding
river breaking the stately trees, one won-
ders if it may not be all a dream.

From the huge marquee, gay with stripes
of blue, red and yellow, where on long tables
are spread light and dainty refreshments,
to liquid and substantial, inviting the visitor to
rest and console the inner man, across the
grounds to where the band of the Royal
Marine Light Infantry discourses sweet
music under the trees, dotted here and
there in low easy chairs are the guests,
making merry and admiring the care and
consideration with which everything has
been prepared for their comfort and pleas-
ure. The sober, black robe of a parson forms
an effective contrast to the bright colored
gowns and hats of the other sex, who, as
usual, are in the majority.

On the portico of the main entrance stands
Mahomed, a small negro boy whom the
Duchess brought from Cairo to be her spe-
cial body servant, so to speak. He is dressed
in red, with much gilt of buttons and gilt;
his ebony face is marked with curious scars
that look as if he had been scratched on
forehead, chin and cheeks by the claws of
some wild bird of prey. He distributes pro-
grammes of the music, and in reply to
whatever is said or asked he only grins and
says, "Yes, yes!"

"But what about the Duchess?" you'll be
wondering. Ah! but one always leaves the
best bit for the last. And here she is—clad
as simply as a schoolgirl, on a soft, dove-
gray silk, plain bodice and skirt, relieved at
throat and waist by a touch of short rose
silk and a bit of creamy lace, a large black
hat